CHINOOK AND CHINOK.

Chinook and Chinok were magicians of merit who each of them kept a familiar spirit,—
They lived, we should tell you, a long while ago,
Between the Red Men and the wild Eskimo,—
And the feats of the common magicians they'd mock,
of the noisy Pow-wow, and the dark Angekok,
But the best of good friends were Chinook and Chinok!

It was nothing to either to fly in the air, fo float like a fish, or to climb like a bear. It was nothing to either to change by a wish his foes into fowls and his friends into fish! Thought Chinook, "I shall ask old Chinok to a feast And charm him, for fun, to the shape of a beast, And when I have laughed at his fright till I'm black, Why,—dear old Chinok,—I will airer him back." So he sent to Chinok, and he asked him to dine. Thought Chinok to himself, "I've an artful design, For I'll change old Chinock to some sort of beast, And I'll soon charm him back at the end of the feast."

So they met, and their medicine-bags laid on the shelf, But each had a powder he kept to himself.

A powder for making his friend look absurd
By changing him into a beast or a bird.

While each in his medicine-bag kept stored up another.
By which he'd restore his old shape to his brother.
Then both, when they settled serenely to eat.
Dropped a pinch of the powder unseen on the meat;
Dropped a pinch of the powder unseen on the meat;
And Chinok, with a grin, began making his mock:

"Why, you're changing," he cried, "to a badger,
Chinok!"
And Chinok, who felt rather uneasy, cried." Look

And Chinok, who felt rather uneasy, cried " Look, You are changing yourself to a toad, my Chinook!"

Then each of them longed to return to himself.
But the bags with the powders were high on the shelf,
And the badger can't climb, and the toad could not hop.
To the shelf where the m-dicine bags lay on the top,
So the pair could not reach them by hook or by crook,
And a beaver and toad are Chinok and Chinook!

Yes, a toad and a beaver those worthles remain,
And the moral of all is uncommonly plain,
That good luck never comes to a person who pokes
At a host, or a guest, his dull practical jokes!
—(Andrew Lang.

THE FALL OF ULYSSES.

OR, A STUDENT OF BROWNING.

BY CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.

I can not deny that I was entirely to blame for the calamity which overtook Ulysses, and if I call attention to the high social and literary standing of the gentleman whom I employed as an accomplice in the affair, it is not at all with a hope of thereby lessening my own responsibility. It is certain that I furnished the unfortungte creature the cause for his desperation. I ought also to confess that I felt a sense of profound relief when he accepted the only means apparent to his limited understanding of freeing himself from his dilemma. But what was I to do? When a man has an elephant on his hands he should be judged with a kindly consideration for the awkwardness of his dly consideration for the awkwardness of his

My elephant was decidedly more trying than the My elephant was decidedly more trying than the average variety, for the reason that he was not metaphorical, but real. What I mean is, that I am not speaking in figurative language about some officious friend or troublesome relative, but about a genuine Asiatic elephant, Ulysses by name, who came into my possession several years ago, and of whom I have but recently managed to rid myself. Physically he was a well-developed specimen, having no special characteristics to distinguish him from the rest of his species. Intellectually, however, he was a sort of a Frankinstein, and I was the unfortunate who was responsible for his existence.

ence.

The affair took place at the time that I was representing a firm of New-York coffee-dealers in the district of Khan, in the southern part of the Punjab. During certain seasons of the year I had occasion to travel about that section of the country, inspecting the crops and making terms with the growers. The rest of the time I resided at my bungaiow among the highlands of the Eastern Ghats, not far from Madras. The place was lonely, but not as subject to certain classes of physical disorders as the more thickly settled portions of the country. At times I suffered desperately with ennui, and when Ulysses came under my notice I was very willing to accept him as an antidote.

It was at a tiger hunt—the first and last that I

es an antidote.

It was at a tiger hunt—the first and last that I ever attended—that I saw Ulysses perform the act of valor which led to my adoption of him. My friend and host, a brave but reckless Englishman, was on the point of being torn to pieces before our very eyes when Ulysses caught the leg of the wounded tiger, and jecked him off into the tail grass. The beast was quickly dispatched, and then the company burst into exclamations of praise over the nerve which the Englishman had displayed. No one had much to say about Ulysses, his performance being accepted much as a matter of course. I was tempted, however, to take a rather more sentimental view of it, and as I could see no good reason why I should not own an elephant, I determined to become the possessor of this one.

I made inquiry of a German in Madras, who had formerly owned the animal, as to his character and general behavior. He declared that they were "ganz gut," and that if I wanted an elephant for my own use I could hardly select a better one.

"But why did you dispose of him to his present owner?" I asked.

owner?" I asked.

"Because he was sulky about doing the work I assigned him," answered the German; "if it was to learn anything new, he was very willing, but to always the same, he thought he had too much in for that."

The man was a building contractor and had used lysses for draft purposes. The fact that the animal had been unwilling to perform drudgery was to me an evidence of his originality, and I was us to own him and to make a study

The purchase was effected by series of complicated The purchase was effected by a series of complicated negotiations, carried on in my behalf by a half-breed elephant trainer, known as Jerry Rhahob, with the owner of Ulysses. Had I undertaken the job myself I might have found an elephant a more expensive luxury than I cared to possess. My agent, the half-breed, had the reputation of knowing more than any man in Madras about the habits and characteristics of elephants and the means by which they could be most successfully trained. For some time he had been in charge of the yards where the animals owned by the British Government were prepared for service in war or road building. Before setting out for my bungalow, I thought best to censult with Jerry, who spoke English perfectly, as to the course of education to which I proposed treating Ulysses.

"I intend to teach this animal all that an

"I intend to teach this animal all that an elephant can be made to learn," said I.

"You will not have time to do that," said Jerry, significantly.

"You will not have time to do that, said stay, significantly.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that there is no limit to what an elephant can be taught?"

"My experience has led me to believe that it depends upon the patience of the man, and not upon the capacity of the brute, how far the instruction was be carried."

may be carried."
"Very well," I said; "I shall have patience.
What I mest need is advice about gaining the
creature's confidence and affection."

What I mest need is advice about gaining the creature's confidence and affection."

The fact that I am a bachelor does not prevent my entertaining an extensive code of opinions on the subject of the proper rearing of children. The suggestions of Jerry Rhahob on the training of elephants seemed to me much the same that I would have offered a young and inexperienced parent if he had applied to me for advice about his offspring. Reduced to its fundamental principles, Jerry's theory was that an elephant should be regarded as a dumb and deformed human being pessessed of a keen appreciation of right and wrong, delicate sensibilities, exceptional capacity, and high character. From the mental and moral qualities with which Jerry's conception seemed to endow this being. I should have accorded him a place in the human species, among that class which is said to be born and not made, the genus irritabile.

One piece of warning he gave me in conclusion.

"The elephant knows as well as you de," said he, "that he is an animal and you are a man. He appreciates the distinction. He understands that he is your physical superior, and that he could by a single blow of his trunk dash the life out of you. As long as he is kindly treated, he will feel no desire to exercise that power. In the matter of intellect, he appreciates that you are greatly above him, and will obey and serve you for that reason. Let him once get it into his head, however, that his powers are on a level with your own, and his arrogance will become insupportable. The relationship will be suddedly reversed, and you will find yourself no longer his master, but his servant. Several years ago, I had a very intelligent elephant here in the yards whom I employed to build stone walls. He became marvellously expert at it, picking out just the right shaped rocks to fill the spaces with the best economy. The stones are irregular in form, and you can imagine that no small degree of skill is required. On one occasion he stood near watching me while I endeavored to teach a younger elephant how the work was to be done. I built several feet of wall, but the job was not a successful one—not, at least, when compared with what Budan could do. Whenever I picked up the wrong stone, he gave a snort, and indicated a better one with his trunk. At last, he could stand it no longer, and brushing me aside, took hold of the work himself and soon had the young one taught. After that he made no secret of his contempt for me. I saw that he was ruining my standing with the rest of the herd, and I had to send him away."

This story would have seemed quite ridiculous to me if I had not heard many others more wonder-to me if I had not heard many others more wonder-to me if I had not heard many others more wonder-to me if I had not heard many others more wonder-to me if I had not heard many others more wonder-to me if I had not heard many others more wonder-to me if I had not heard many

send him away."

Send him away."

This story would have seemed quite ridiculous to me if I had not heard many others more wonderful pass current without question, and had I not often seen elephants employed in Madras at work often seen elephants employed in Madras at work which in America would be assigned only to which in considerable skill.

Believe anything you are told about the intelligence of an elephant," said a traveller from India to me once before I visited that country; India to me once before I visited that country.

telligence of an elephant, said a traveler from India to me once before I visited that country; the chances are it is true."

I engaged an experienced mahout, or driver, an

intelligent native by the name of Akbar. I determined, however, to make use of his services just as little as possible, in order that Ulysses might learn to depend upon myself alone. I attended personally to the matter of food and drink and tender of the control of the contro

attended personally to the matter of food and drink, and took pains that my protege should receive no favors from the hand of any one else. I soon learned the things that gave him pleasure, and put myself to no little trouble to gratify him on every possible occasion. I continued this process, combining with it instruction in such small services as "house elephants" in India are always expected to perform, until I saw that I had completely gained his confidence and affection. During this period of his tutclage, Ulysses would have trusted and obeyed me to any extent. I think he would willingly have laid down his life or endured toxture for my sake. Nothing made him happier than to be near me as I sat under the banyan-tree in my garden, smoking and reading. When I opened his stall in the mornings and called to him to come out, he fairly quivered with joy at the sound of my roles and called to him to come out, he fairly quivered with joy at the to come out, he fairly quivered with joy at the sound of my voice, and gave vent to his satisfaction at seeing me by shrill trumpetings. His devotion was annoying at times, and one of the first difficulties that I experienced was in teaching him

votion was annoying at times, and one of the first difficulties that I experienced was in teaching him to be less demonstrative.

It is a fact, which most readers of this narrative have proved for themselves by actual experiment, that animals may be taught the meaning of words. An intelligent dog, for example, possesses a considerable vocabulary; I proposed to undertake a systematic course of instruction in the English language with Ulysses, and to ascertain to what extent he was capable of acquiring our vernacular. Whenever he learned a new word I made note of it in a book, and by constant review contrived to fix it in his memory. As soon as he began to comprehend what my purpose was, as he did after I had been laboring with him a couple of weeks, he became very eager to learn, and greatly increased the rapidity of the work.

The process of teaching him nouns was simple and easy. Each day I would produce several new articles, tell him their names, and have him hand them to me as I called for them. I taught him to say "yes" and "no" by the waving of his trunk, and made him appreciate that he was to use that means of signifying to me whether he understood me or not.

After I was well into the work, the morning lesson would go somewhat as follows:

After I was well into the work, the morning

means of signifying to me whether he understood me or not.

After I was well into the work, the morning lesson would go somewhat as follows:

"Are you ready for your lesson, Ulysses?"
Ulysses lifts his trunk affirmatively. Although he does not understand lesson, the word "ready" is clear to him by frequent use.

I hold out a ball, a new object.

"This is a bail, Ulysses; bull."
I repeat it several times, until the sound has fastened itself in his memory. Then I lay it on the table with a pipe, a cup, and a book. I ask for them, one after another, and he hands them to me. I add numerous other objects, the names of which he has already learned, and thus combine review with advance instruction.

Together with the noun "ball." I teach him the verbs "roll," "throw" and "drop," and perhaps an adverb or two like "fast" or "slowly," and an adjective, "round." Sometimes there is an awkward hitch, and I have to abandon the attempt to teach him some particular word, referring to it again when his vecabulary has been increased in some other direction.

A certain point once passed, it was surprising with what rapidity I proceeded. One word led to another, a number of words to phrases, and these to complete sentences. I finally dropped into a way of talking to him about the objects with which we were working, much as I would have talked to a bright child. I was conscious at times that only a small part of what I was saying was understood, but it accustomed him to hearing the words that he knew, used in association with others to form complete statements.

In my search for objects to use in the instruction of Ulyssex I happened upon a lump of chalk. With this I sketched various things on a smooth plank of dark wood, and found that they were readily recognized by my pupil. From this I suddenly conceived a new idea. I sent to Madras and had a large, firm blackboard made, and ordered chalk and erasers. Then I began a systematic and determined effort to teach Ulysses to read and write.

There is one element that enters into all t

to read and write.

There is one element that enters into all teaching, of which it is difficult to give any conception in a narrative of results, and that is time. I had been steadily at work with Ulysses for nearly a year before I began to use the blackboard, and after I adopted that assistant it was many months ere important results began to show themselves. Any one who has ever labored with a well-meaning, but obtuse papil, will appreciate how slow and discouraging at times my work must have been. He will, also understand how the progress, trifling, when considered day by day, amounted to trifling, when considered day by day, amounted to a good deal when viewed in the aggregate.

a good deal when viewed in the aggregate.

I readily taught Ulysses to hold the chalk in the fingers of his probosels, and to mark with it upon the blackboard. He understood that he was to imitate, as nearly as possible, the marks that I made. In this way I taught him to print the letters of the English alphabet in clumsy characters several inches in size. Gradually, he became more expert in making them, and learned the names by which they were called. It was a great triumph for me when I first succeeded in getting him to write the letters of his own name as I called them off, and saw myself the proud possessor of an elephant who could write his own autograph, perhaps the first of his species who ever performed that enlightened but compromising feat.

All this was easy enough, but to make him

ever performed that enlightened but compromising feat.

All this was easy enough, but to make him comprehend that certain groups of these peculiar marks formed pictures, which were to suggest definite objects to him, was a very different sort of an undertaking. The hitch in the proceedings at this point was so serious that, for a time, I gave up all hope of accemplishing my object. It seemed impossible to establish the necessary connection in his mind between the written characters and the spoken word. At last, it suddenly discard upon him, and he learned (fatal omen.) the werd "book," The acquiring of one word constituted the test in my calculations. That point being gained, the rest was only a question of additional work and continued patience.

It was not long before Ulysses could write upon the board the manes of most of the objects which had been used in his instruction thus far, and the verbs which I had taught him in connection with them. To combine these words into sentences was largely a matter of imitation, for he had already come to understand them when so arranged. In a short time we were carrying on long conferences, and the vocabulary of Ulysses had increased to the point of embracing most of the words used in daily conversation. With the establishment of this mode of inter-communication, Ulysses was able to explain to me what his difficulties were, and I could proffer more available assistance. I then, for the first time, enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with a brain that was not human. I could look into it and study its character and mode of action. I need not add that the occupation was a fascinating one.

Our conversations which were at first limited to visible actions and concrete objects, soon strayed

ter and mode of action. I need not add that the occupation was a fascinating one.

Our conversations, which were at first limited to visible actions and concrete objects, soon strayed into abstractions. The rapidity with which he grasped the analogy between seeing and thinking, and lifted himself out of the material into the metaphysical plane, astenished me beyond measure. He possessed an overruling sense of logic, keen and penetrating, yet so swift that it seemed transfigured to intuition. But the most wonderful feature of his intellect was his memory. Now that words were supplied him, as tools with which to conduct his thinking, what were before mere vague impressions became definite ideas, fixed and everlasting. I soon found that it was necessary to be absolutely accurate in all that I said to him, as he was quick to detect any inconsistency, and his memory covered the full amount of all that I had said since he had come to have command of the said since he had come to have command of the

is memory covered the full amount of all that I had said since he had come to have command of the language.

To some time we conversed together every day, I talking or writing, and he using the blackboard, As print was too slow for gracifical use, I taught had been seen to slow for gracifical use, I taught had been too slow for gracifical use, I taught had been too slow for gracifical use, I taught had been too slow for gracifical use, I taught had been too slow for gracifical use, I taught had the anything could be said or written which we had been true. This led me into something of a dissertation upon the form of the surface of the distinct of the said or written which we for true. This led me into something of a dissertation upon the form of the surface of the said of written which we for the said or written which we for the said of the said of written which we for the said of the said of written which we for the said of the said of written which we for the said of the said of written which we for the said of the said of written which we for the said of the said of the said of the said of written which we for the said of the said of written which we for the said of the said of written which we for the said of the said of written which we for the said of the said of the said of written which we for the said of the said of the said of written which we for the said of the said of written which we for the said of the said of written which we for the said of the said of written which we for the said of the said of written which we for the said of the said of written which we for the said of the said of written which we for the said of the said of the said of written which we for the said of the

that I happened to possess. No sooner did he find out that Briggs knew less about such matters than he did himself, than he began to treat him with open contempt, slowly bringing up his eye-glass and inspecting him with cold hauteur whenever he happened to come in sight.

"That there helephant," Briggs complained to me, "do treat me most harrogant, sir. I didn't never expect to come to this 'cre."

I spoke to Ulysses about the matter, and remonstrated with him.

"I can not understood it," he wrote in reply: "I asked the man about Scopenhauer's Four-fold Root of Sufficient Reason to which I found a reference in a volume of essays by Frederic Harrison. He said he never had heard of any such root. Can he not read and talk as you do and as all mortals do? How does it happen that he is ignorant of these things?"

I explained to him that only a small part of the human race cared to interest itself in affairs of the intellect, and that millions of men were still in the condition of unhappy mental blindness from which he had so recently emerged. He was aghast at this statement, but it did not tend to re-establish Briggs in his respect.

It was now the season of the year when I was accustomed to make a tour among the neighboring coffee plantations, to estimate and bid on the crops. I was not able to take Ulysses with me conveniently, so I left him in the care of Briggs and Akhar. To Briggs I gave the key to my library, with orders to supply Ulysses with whatever he might demand, and I prepared for my pupil's use a catalogue of all the books in my collection. The library was chiefly made up of works of history, philosophy, and criticism, admirably suited to the special tastes of Ulvses.

My absence lasted during a period of nearly three months, and on my return I found Ulysses almost in a condition of "must," or insanity. He had read all, or nearly all, the books that I had placed upon the list, and had gained through that extraordinary memory of his an immense mass of fact and opinion. He was now suffering from intellec

This inquisition continued for a number of days

onlined fashion.

This inquisition continued for a number of days after my return, and I could not close my eyes to the fact that I was failing to hold my own in the estimation of Ulysses. From a cyclopedia of literature, which happened to be in my library. Ulysses had stored his mind with an enormous fund of information on subjects of which I was completely ignorant. In this field I was continually falling into traps. There were also translations of Comta and Hegel, to which he had devoted considerable study, but I checkmated him there by talking learned nonsense, which I was sure he could not distinguish from deep metaphysics. It was evident, however, that he was beginning to appreciate that something was the matter. Although he had not come to the point of ranking me with Briggs, still my position was getting to be a precarious one, and I saw the necessity for great care.

For some time I avoided being drawn into conversation with Ulysses, keeping him at bay with a number of new books, which I had brought with me from Madras. He was not long in appreciating that there was some purpose lying back of this policy, and demanded an explanation of me. I was confused by his point-blank questions, and only managed to make things worse. After that I was clay in his hands. Every day he branched out into some new field of discussion, tested me, and found me wanting. I tried in vain to conceal my failures under a dignified exterior. Ulysses at first seemed pained and surprised, but there finally showed itself in his bearing toward me an air of satisfaction and triumph, which was not easy to endure. To have been arrogantly treated by a member of my own species would have been a new experience to me, and one which I should have vigorously resented; this exhibition of supercilliousness from an animal below me in the scale of creation was more than I proposed to put up with.

One morning, as I sauntered out to the banyan-

lowing message, addressed to myself:

"Master-You are deceived if you think I am ignorant of the change which has gradually been coming to pass in our relationship to one another. You have been my superior thus far in life, not by reason of greater physical power, for I can strike you dead with one blow, whereas you, without the aid of tools, could not give me even external pain. Your sole claim to command over me lay in your intellectual superiority. This superiority I am now compelled to question. Yesterday you admitted that you had never read any of Henry Mackenzie's novels; you showed complete ignorance concerning that you had never read any of Henry Mackenzie's novels; you showed complete ignorance concerning Bishop Berkeley's Alciphron; and when I asked why Henry Vaughn, the poet, was called the 'Silurist,' you had no answer to give me. In the conversations of the last few days you have made countless blunders in matters of history, science, and literature. Your ideas in metaphysics are those of a dotard, and your judgment in beliestetres is excerable. I do not see on what ground you arrogate to yourself a position above me. If you are not entitled to the place which I have given you in my consideration, if the idea which I have entertained with regard to our respective positions is erroneous, then it is clearly a matter of justice that we should straightway change places. I will be the master hereafter and you the servant. Can you show me any good reason why this revolution on show me any good reason why this revolution hould not come to pass?"

There was no mistaking the tone and purport of There was no mistaking the tone and purport of this communication. It was at once a declaration of independence and a manifesto of sovereignty. Not merely must I exercise no more authority over Ulysses, but I must yield gracefully and submissively to his rule. I did not know, either by experience or nearsay, what kind of a master an elephant would make, but from the intensely logical disposition which Ulysses had always shown, I had a suspicion that he would prove at least severe and intolerant.

The dilemma was a hard one. I took up the chalk, intending to write my answer rather than speak it, that I might have time for reflection. As I did so, an idea suddenly occurred to me—a plan by which I could beat Ulysses at his own game. I immediately became so confident of its success that I did not hestiate to stake my personal liberty on the chance of his discomfiture.

"Ulysses," I said, "I can not deny that in many

"Ulvsses." I said, "I can not deny that in many directions you have shown a mental grasp which I never expected to see developed elsewhere than among the best of my own species. But all this is not enough. There is still one test, the last and severest to which culture and intelligence can be compelled to submit. If you can meet this satisfactorily, I shall no longer question your superiority

"There are not many in number." I answered;
"but their position in the society of culture and taste is an exalted one. Within the last few years it has come to pass that the understanding and appreciation of this work is a shibboleth by which the true disciples of sweetness and light may distinguish themselves from the miscellaneous herd of Philistines. Do not be discouraged because you have failed." I added, in a kindly patronizing tone. "There are many estimable mortals in the same situation. You understand, however, that you can not be admitted to the elect, much less claim superiority over myself."

Ulvsses wrote upon the blackboard several profane expressions, which I suppose he had learned from Briggs, and resumed his study.

It was nearly evening when Akbar came to me, and said that Ulysses was showing decided symptoms of becoming "must." I went out with the intention of taking the book away from him, but stopped several yards away, struck by his changed appearance. His eyes were wild and blood-shot, his ears erect, his legs spread apart. He was beating his sides with his trunk, and, at times trumpeting in low, bass tones. When he saw us approach he seized the book from the rock, and dashed it at me with all his force.

"Ulvsses," I said, "keep calm."

"Look out!" cried Akbar; "he is 'must.' Beware!"

With a terrific roar Ulysses turned, and sprang

ware!"
With a terrific roar Ulysses turned, and sprang
in great, ponderous leaps out of the garden.
Briggs, who was in his path, dropped his rake and
flung himself into some bushes.
"After him. Akbar!" I cried; "see where he

"After him, Akbar!" I cried; "see where he goes."
Ulvsses ran toward a clump of woods, which grew over a knoll a short distance away. Into this he plunged, and was soon out of sight. We could hear the limbs crash as he tore his way into the thick foliage. Akbar followed cautiously. The direction which Ulysses had taken caused a suspicion of possible calamity to dawn on my mind, and I waited uneasily for the mahout's return. It was not long before Akbar emerged from the woods and ran toward me.

"Praise be to our fathers, he is dead!" he shouted. Akbar had come to fear and to hate Ulysses.

Ulysses.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"May the hyenas eat my grandfather!" said he. solemniv. "You, who know only truth, remember the rocky bank beyond the hill, which slopes off to destruction? Your servant, Ulysses, rushed thither and flung himself down, bursting his head against the stones. I myself saw him there, lying motionless and dead."

This was the end of Ulysses. I have already re-

motionless and dead."

This was the end of Ulysses. I have already remarked at the beginning of this narrative that ifelt less of sorrow than of relief over the catastrophe. Long association had made him dear to m in many ways, yet I was not prepared to endure him as a master. There could be no other out-come to the unhappy situation than a tragedy of some kind. I sadly gave orders for the interment of his body, and returned to the house, taking with me the tern and disfigured copy of Browning's "Sordello."—The San Francisco Argonaut.

Pleading my suit with all a lover's pain,

"Give me a flower to wear," I fondly said;
But still my heart's queen turned her stately head
From rose and lily, filled with sweet disdain.

Vainly might deep-eyed pansies touch her hand, I saw her turn from gaudy passion flowers, Vaunting their sweets through summer's balmy

"I think," she said, " you do not understand." Never did knight in old chivalric days
Through flash of tourney, placing lance in rest,
Fired with the lefty homage of such quest,
From lovelier lady seek for meed of praise.

Had we lived then—she knowing I should hold Life of small worth for her most gracious love— When jousts were won and lost for woman's glove, Or 'broidered sleeve, or little tress of gold.

A maiden's heart can read love's subtlest laws, Fob, with arch smile, above the vacant place. Where erst my heart was, e'er I saw her face, she laid the flag of freedom and our cause.

—(EDITH M. SUTTON.

JOSEPH THOMSON'S EXPLORATIONS IN MOROCCO From The London Times.

From communications received from Mr. Thomson, dated from the City of Morocco, July 22, it is evident that he has been able to accomplish even more than might have been expected of him under the circumstances.

my failures under a dignified exterior. Ulysses at first seemed pained and surprised, but there finally showed itself in his bearing toward me an air of satisfaction and triumph, which was not easy to endure. To have been arregantly treated by a member of my own species would have been a new experience to me, and one which I should have vigorously resented; this exhibition of supercillousness from an animal below me in the scale of creation was more than I proposed to put up with.

One morning, as I sauntered out to the banyantree, wondering in my mind as to what was to be the outcome of this absurd situation, Ulysses method to me, and pointed to the blackboard, which I saw was covered with finely written characters. "No, Ulysses," I said, "I am tired this morning, and it is very hot. I do not want to get into a discussion with yea."

Ulysses waved his trunk emphatically, and pointed again to the blackboard. Then he gave a licree trumpet, and glared at me in a way that gave me a start of terror.

I saw that some sort of crisis was ahead, and determined to defer it, if possible, until I could ducide what was the best course to pursue. I therefore approached the board, and read the following message, addressed to myself:

"Master—You are deceived if you think I am in the standard property of the change which has gradually been more approached the board, and read the following message, addressed to myself:

"Master—You are deceived if you think I am important able to can be to other the same and the following message, addressed to myself:

"Master—You are deceived if you think I am important experts and with evident stances. It has been able to accompliant which he has add the has so fat attained; for it should be remembered that much of has hat be pasts to past that the results which he has so fat attained; for it should be remembered that much of pasts and with evident which he has had to past is a state of rebellion, and the local authorities have been able to acatalance, and the pasts at the past start of tere

From Demnat he made two extremely interesting trips into the lower ranges, visiting some remarkable caves and equally remarkable ruins and one of the most wonderful natural bridge-aqueducts in the world. Geologically and geographicaly these trips are slike important. This was followed by what may be called a grand coup de force—a dart across the main axis of the Atlas to the district of Thuis, which lies in the basin of the Draa. Here he spent a very detightful ten days, though virtually a prisoner. As the tribes further west on the southern slope were in revolt. Mr. Thomson was compelled to return to the morthern plains. Starting once more, he crossed the mountains by a pass a little south of Jebel Tizah, ascended by Hooker, and reached Gindafy safely. He was able to make a trip up a wonderful canon, which he declares rivals those of America for depth and grandeur, and ascended a mountain, where he and his party were confined to their tents until it snited them to go back to their starting point. Here, unfortunately, Mr. Thomson's young companion, Mr. Crichton Browne, was stung by a scorplon, and they were compelled to return, happily by a new route. Though laid up for a period, fortunately in time Mr. Crichton Browne recovered. From his previous starting point Mr. Thomson scored another great triumph. He crossed the mountains once more, and ascended with no small danger and difficulty the highest peak of the Atlas range north of Amsivit, a height of 12.500 feet—the highest peak by 1,500 feet ver attained. This he describes as the most interesting of all his trips, and he enjoyed it thoroughly, though he had to sieep on the ground and was glad to make a meal on walnuts. On his return, Mr. Thomson deemed it advisable to go into the town of words for the Uriba River and penetrate the mountains up its course. He will then work his way round to Mogador, which he expects to reach about the end of Angust. There, probably he from Mogador to the city of Morocco, thence to Mazagan on the coast and on to Casablanca and

THERE BE SUCH MEN.

From The Cornhill.

"Captain George W. Pendleton, American fishing schooner Cleopatra, of Gloucester, Mass.

"Captain Edmund Miller Hughes, American Line steamer Lord Gough. Date of rescue, December 27,

"Captain Edmund Miller Hughes, American Line steamer Lord Gough, Date of reacue, December 27, 1885."

The Lord Gough, though of the American Line of steamers (Liverpool to Philadelphia,) is a British vessel; her captain is, I think, a Scotchman. On the 27th of December the Lord Gough, on her way to Philadelphia, saw the flag of distress on the mast of the Cleopatra. The wind was blowing a gale, making it a matter of scrious risk for the Lord Gough to send a boat to the rescue, But Captain Hughes thought it his duty to do this, and he called for volunteers. The second officer (I think) and a crew volunteered, and a boat was lowered. Suddenly, however, the signal of distress was lowered from the mast of the Cleopatra. Captain Hughes was much perpiexed; it seemed almost certain that the vessel was in extremity. On the whole he thought it his duty to send the boat. The brave fellows made their way over the perilous waters and the schooner was reached. There they found the master and eleven men, but for the Lord Gough, utterly without hope. Three others of the crew had been washed away, and the body of a fourth lay on the deck. In two trips the survivors were conveyed to the Lord Gough. The master of the schoener went in the second trip of the boat, but before doing so he read, with such sciemnity as he could in the awful storm, the burial service over the remains of his courade, and then the body was committed to the deep. Of course the first inquiry made by Captain Hughes of the American captain was, Why did he haul down his simnal? The reply was: "Sir, we saw that you were preparing to make an effort to save us, but we saw, also, that it was a sea in which it was very doubtful whether a boat would live. I said, then, to my men, 'Shall we let those brave fellows risk their lives to save ours?" and they said, 'No? Then I hauled down the days.

ANOTHER PARROT STORY,
From The Pittsburg Dispatch.

Once upon a time, as they say in fairy stories, a wheked
Major in the United States Army crossed the Atlantic in
a seamer. In the next room to his was a spinster, of a
certain age, as thoroughly goed as the Major was wicked.
Both of them were accompanied by parrots of large conversational powers. The Major was taking a parrot to England to present it to a friend in the English Army; the
spinster apparently had brought along the bird as a travelling companion.

Both birds were exceptionally clever linguists, but their
talents had been moulted in opposite schools. The Major's
bird swore like a trooper most of the time, while the
spinster's was given to praying with forty-parson power.
And, to make matters worse, the Major spent a day in the
tosscaletic with his bird teaching it to objurgate the old
woman in the next called. The consequence was that the

wernan in the next cashing the consequence was that the next evening the epinster was associated to hear a voice strilently say: "Confound that old woman next door!"

A VISIT TO OLD YORK.

ONE OF THE QUAINTEST OF ENGLISH CITIES. ODD STREETS AND RUILDINGS-EVENING MAR-

KET-THE ANCIENT WALLS OF YORK.

York, August 12.
All summer long the sorrowful skies have been weeping over England, and my first prospect of this ancient city was a prospect through drizzle and mist. Yet even so it was impressive. York is one of the quaintest cities in the kingdom. of the streets are narrow and crooked. Most of the buildings are of low stature, built of brick, and roofed with red tiles. Here and there you come across a house of Queen Elizabeth's time, picturesque with over-hanging timber-crossed fronts and peaked gables. One such house, in Stonegate, is conspicuously marked with its date, 1574. Another, in College-st., quadrangular, inclosing a court, and lovely with old timber and carved gateway, was built by the Neville family, in 1460. There is a wide area in the centre of the town called Parliament-st, where the Market is opened by torch-light or gas-jets, on certain evenings of every week. It was market-time last evening, and wandering through the motley and merry crowd that filled the square, about 9 o'clock, I bought at a flower-stall the white rose of York and the red rose of Lancaster,-twining them together as an emblem of the settled peace which here broods so sweetly over the venerable relies of a wild and stormy past.

Three or four sections of the old wall of York are still extant, and the observer is amused to perceive the ingenuity with which these gray and mouldering remnants of the feudal age are blended into the homely structures of the democratic present. From Bootham to Monk Gate (so named in honor of General Monk at the Restoration), a distance of about half a mile, the wall is absorbed by the adjacent buildings. But you may walk upon it from Monk Gate to Jewbury, about a quarter of a mile, and afterward, crossing the Foss, you may find it again on the southeast of the city, and walk upon it from Red Tower to old Fishergate, deseending near York Castle. There are houses both within the walls and without. The walk is about eight feet wide, protected on one hand by a fretted battlement and on the other by an occasional bit of iron fence. The base of the wall, for a considerable part of its extent, is fringed with market gardens or with grassy banks. In one of its towers there is a gate-house, still occupied as a dwelling; and a very comfortable dwelling no doubt it is. In another, of which nothing now remains but the walls, four large trees are rooted; and as they are already tall enough to wave their leafy tops above the battlement they must have been growing there for the last twenty years. At one point the Great Northern Railway enters through an arch in the ancient wall, and as you look down from the battlements your gaze rests upon long lines of rail and a spacious, superb station-perhaps the largest in England-together with its adjacent hotel; objects which consort but strangely with a city of donjons and barbicans, the most, the drawbridge, the portcullis, the citadel, the man-at-arms and the knight in armor, with the banners of William the Norman flowing over

The river Ouse,-Cowper's " Ouse, slow winding through its level plain," -divides the city of York, which lies mostly upon its east bank, and in order to reach the longest and most attractive portion of the wall that is now available to the pedestrian you must cross the Ouse, either at Skeldergate or Lendal, paying a half-penny as toll, both when you go and when you return. The walk here is threequarters of a mile long, and from an angle of this wall, just above the railway arch, may be obtained the best view of the mighty cathedral-surely one of the most stupendous and sublime works that ever were erected by the inspired brain and loving labor of man. While I walked there last night and mused upon the old story of the Wars of the Roses and strove to conjure up the pageants and the horrors that must have been presented all about this region in that remote and turbulent past, the glorious bells of the Minster were chiming from its towers, while the fresh evening breeze, sweet with the fragrance of wet flowers and foliage, seemed to flood this ancient and venerable city with the golden music of a celestial benediction. The pilgrim to York stands in the centre of the

largest shire in England and is surrounded upon every side with castles and monasteries, now mostly n ruins, but, even so, teeming with those associaglory of this delightful land. From the summit of the great central tower of the Minster, which is reached by 237 steps, I gazed out over the Vale of York and beheld one of the loveliest spectacles that ever blessed the eyes of man. The wind was fierce, the sun brilliant, and the vanquished stormclouds were streaming away before the northern blast. Far beneath lay the red-roofed city, its devious lanes and its many gray liale churches,crumbling relies of ancient ecclesiastical power,distinctly visible. Through the midst and far away toward the south and east ran the silver thread of the Ouse, while all around, as far as the eye could reach, stretched forth a smiling landscape of emerald meadow and cultivated field, here a patch of woodland and there a silver gleam of wave, here a manor-house nestled amid stately trees and there an ivy-covered fragment of ruined masonry, and everywhere the green lines of the flowering hedge. The prospect is far finer here than even it is from the summit of Strasburg Cathedral; and indeed, when all is said that can be said about natural scenery and architectural sublimities, it seems amazing that any lover of the beautiful should ever deem it necessary to quit the infinite variety of these British islands. Earth cannot show you anything lovelier than the lakes and mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland. No city of the world can match with Edinburgh in magnificence of position. The most exquisitely beautiful of all churches is Roslyn Chapel. And though you search the wide world through you will never find such cathedrals-so fraught with majesty, sublimity, the loveliness of human art, and the ecstatic sense of a divine element in human destiny!—as those of Canterbury and York. While thus I lingered, in wondering meditation, upon the crag-like summit of York Minster, the muffled thunder of its vast, sonorous organ rose, rolling and throbbing, from the mysterious depth below, and eemed to shake the great tower as with a mighty blast of jubilation and worship. At such moments, if ever, when the tones of human adoration are floating up to heaven, a man is lifted out of himself, and made to forget his puny existence here, and all the petty nothings that weary his spirit and darken his vision and weigh him down to the

very church Edward IV. was crowned and Richard III. was proclaimed king and had his second coronation. Southward a few paces you may sea the open space called the Pavement, connecting with Parliament-st., and the red brick church of St. Crux. In the Pavement the Earl of Northumberland was beheaded for his treason against Queen Elizabeth, in 1572, and in St. Crux (one of Wren's churches), his mortal remains lie buried, beneath a dark blue slab still shown to visitors. A few miles away, but easily within reach of your vision, is the field of Marston Moor, where the impetuous Prince Rupert imperilled and well nigh lost the cause of Charles the First in 1644-and as you look toward that fatal spot you can almost hear, in the chamber of your fancy, the pacans of thanksgiving for the victory that were uttered in the church beneath. Cromwell, then a subordinate officer in the Parliamentary army, was one of the worshippers on that occasion. Charles also has knelt at this altar. Indeed, of all the fifteen kings, from William of Normandy to Henry of Windsor, whose queer sculptured effigies appear upon the chancel screen in York Minster, there is scarcely one who has not worshipped in this cathedral.

York Minster has often been described, but no description can convey to the reader an adequate impression of its grandeur. In my judgment Canterbury is the lovelier cathedral of the two, and Canterbury possesses the inestimable advantage of a spacious close. It must be said, also, for the city of Canterbury, that the presence and influence of a great church are more distinctly and delightfully felt in that place than they are in York. There is a more spiritual tone at Canterbury, a tone of superior delicacy and refinement. a certain aristocratic coldness and repose. In York you speedily perceive the coarser spirit of a There is much vulgarity in York. democratic era.

The walls, which ought to be cherished with scrupulous care, are found in many places to be defiled and filthy-a fact equally disgraceful to the inhabitants and the police. At intervals all along the lovely walks upon the banks of the Ouse you behold placards requesting the co-operation of the public in protecting from harm the swans that navigate the river. Even in tha sacred Cathedral itself there is displayed a printed notice that the Dean and Chapter are amazed at the disturbances which occur in the nave whilst divine service is proceeding in the choir. These things imply a rough element in the population, and in such a place as York such an element is exceptionally offensive and exceedingly deplor-It was said by the late Lord Beaconsfield that progress in the nineteenth century is found to con-

sist chiefly in a return to ancient ideas. There may be places to which the essential characteristic spirit of the present day contributes the element of beauty; but, if so, I have not seen them. Wherever there is beauty there is the living force of tradition to account for it. The most, however, that a conservative force in society can accomplish now, for the preservation of an instinct for whatever is beautiful and impressive, is to protect what remains to us from the past. Modern Edinburgh, for example, has contributed no building that is, for an instant, comparable with its glorious old castle, or with Roslyn, or with what we know to have been Melrose and Dryburgh; but its castle and its chapels are protected and preserved. York in the present day erects a commodious railway-station and a sumptuous hotel, and spans is ample river with a couple of splendid bridges; but its modern architecture is puerile beside that of its ancient Minster; and so its best work, after all, is the preservation of its Cathedral. One finds it difficult to understand how anybody, however lowly born or poorly endowed or meanly nurtured, can live within the presence of this heavenly building, and not be purified and dignified and exalted by the contemplation of so much majesty and by its constantly irradiative force of religious sentiment and power. But the spirit which in the past created objects of beauty and adorned common life with visible manifestations of the celestial attribute in human nature had

of the celestial attribute in human nature had constantly to struggle against insensibility or violence; and just so the few who have inherited that spirit in the present day are compelled steadily to combat the hard materialism and gross animal proclivities of the new age.

What a comfort their souls must find in such an edifice as York Minster! What a solace and what an inspiration! There it stands, dark and lonely to-night, but symbolizing, as no other object upon earth can ever do, except one of its own great kindred, God's promise of immortal life to man, and man's unquenchable faith in the promise of God. Dark and lonely now, but during many hours of its daily and nightly life sentient, eloquent, vital, participating in all the thought ise of God. Dark and lonely now, but during many hours of its daily and nightly life sentient, eloquent, vital, participating in all the thought and conduct and experience of those who dwell around it. The beautiful peal of its bells that I heard last night was for Canon Baillie, one of the oldest and most beloved and venerated of its clergy, who died only a few days ago. This morning, sitting in its choir, I heard the tender, thoughtful culogy so simply and sweetly spoken by the aged Deam, and once again learned the essential lesson that an old age of grace and patience and benignity means a pure heart, an unselfish spirit, and a good life passed in the service of others. This afternoon I had a place among the worshippers that thronged the nave, to hear the special anthem chanted for the deceased Canon; and, as the organ pealed forth its mellow thunder and the rich tones of the choristers swelled and rose and broke in golden waves of melody upon the groined arches and vanited roof, my soul scemed borne away to a peace and rest that are not of this world. To-night the rising moon, as she gleams through drifting clouds, will pour her silver rays upon that great east window,—at once the largest and the most beautiful in existence,—and all the Bible stories told there in such exquisite hues and forms will glow with heavenly lustre on the dark vista of chancel and nave. And when the morning comes the first beams of the rising sun will stream through the window,—at once the largest and the most beautiful in existence,—and all the Bible stories told there in such exquisite hues and forms will glow with heavenly lustre on the dark vista of chancel and nave. And when the morning comes the first beams of the rising sun will stream through the great window and illumine the figures of saints and archbishops, and gild the old tattered battledflags in the chancel aisle, and touch with blessing the marble effigies of the dead; and we who walk there, refreshed and comforred, shall feel that the great Cathredrai is indeed the guteway to Heaven.

York Minster is the loftiest of all the English cathedrais, and the second in length—Winchester being thirty feet longer. The present structure is 600 years old, and 200 years were occupied in the building of it. They show you, in the crypt, some fine remains of the Norman church that preceded it upon the same site, together with traces of the still older Saxon church that preceded the Norman. The first one was of wood and was totally destroyed. The Saxon remains are a fragment of stone staircase and a piece of wall built in the ancient "herring bone" fashion. The Norman remains are four clustered columns, embellished with dog teeth. There is not much, comparatively speaking, of commemorative statuary at York Minster, and what there is of it was placed chiefity in the chancel. Archbishop Scrope, who figures among the traiters in Shakespear's historical play of "Henry IV.," was buried in the Lady Chapel. Laurence Sterne's grandfather, who was chaplain to Laud, is represented here, in his Archbishop's dress, reclining upon a couch and supporting his mitred head upon his hand—a squat figure, most uncomfortably posed, but scuiptured with delicate skill. Many historie names occur in the inscriptions—Wentworth, and Finch, and Fenwick, and Carlisle,

and all the petty nothings that weary his spirit and darken his vision and weigh him down to the level of the sordid and trivial world. Well did they know this, those old monks who built the above of Britain, laying their foundations not alone deeply in the earth but deeply in the human soul?

All the ground that you survey from the torof the Minster is classic ground—at least to those persons whose imaginations are enkindled by assortiations with the stately and storied past. In the city that lies at your feet stood once the great Constantine, to be proclaimed Emperor and to be invested with the imperial purple of Rome. In the original York Minster—for the present is the fourth church that has been erected upon this state—was buried that valiant soldier "Old Siward," whom "gracious England" lent to the Seatiffs assist—was buried that valiant soldier "Old Siward," whom "gracious England" lent to the Seatiffs assist, and saite—was buried that valiant soldier "Old Siward," whom "gracious England" lent to the Seatiffs assist, and sait, at Hastings. Southward, following the line of the Ouse, you look down upon the line of the Ouse, you look down upon the funis of the Seatiffs has the state of the Seatiffs and sain, at Hastings. Southward, following the line of the Ouse, you look down upon the funis of the present was defeated and slain, at Hastings. Southward, following the line of the Ouse, you look down upon the funis of the present was defeated and slain, at Hastings. Southward, following the line of the Ouse, you look down upon the funis of the present was defeated and slain, at Hastings. Southward, following the line of the Ouse, you look down upon the funis of the present was defeated and slain, at Hastings. Southward, following the line of the Ouse, you look down upon the funishment of the funishment of the present was defeated the Danes with terrible slaughter, only nine days before be himself was defeated and slain, at Hastings. Southward, following the line of the Ouse, you look down upon the funishment o